OR,

A farewel to the Pockifi'd Town-Miſs.

A Country Girl in a Paragon Gown,
That never yet knew the tricks of the town;
Did lately delude a taring Gallant,
Who juſt ſuch an innocent Virgin did want;
and ſince he's enjoy'd her I heard him proteſt
That of all other Miſſes ſhe pleaſed him beſt.

To an excellent new Play-houſe Tune,
Called, The mock Tune to the French Rant. With Allowance.

GIve me the Laſs that's true Country bred,
With paragon gown, Straw Hat on her head;
Feeding upon good Bacon and Beans,
But never knew what ſifting means.

What though her skin be tawny and courſe,
Flocks ſhe lyes on, ſhe'l kiſs ne'a the woyſe;
Clap ſhe ne'r had like Miſs of the Town,
That's painted and patcht, and lyes up and down.

What though her ſpeech be ſimple and plain,
She knows not what flattering complements
If bawdy you ſpeak, ſhe bluſhes & ſmiles, (mean,
Such innocent charms ſtead of beauty beguiles.

Free from diſtempers in every part,
Where ever ſhe likes ſhe loves from her heart,
She's not for a minute like thoſe of the Trade,
For pleaſing enjoyment for ever ſhe's made.

She has not the trick of forcing delight,
But acts with like pleaſures each day & each night
Each moment ſhe's dying, ſo hot is her fire,
And never does kiſs but with perfect deſire.

So ſound is her Nature, ſhe's alwaies in health,
Her kiſſes are ſweet which ſhe gives me by ſtealth
When e're I am dull, and ſit ſighing alone,
She'l ſing me a long of young Tommy and Jone.

The hair of her head is as black as a Crow,
She's very well shap'd, not too high nor too low;
All parts are inviting in e'ry degree,
Especially those we are forbidden to see.

My Nanny and I (for that is her name)
So equally manage now each others flame,
That neither's deceiv'd, nor can ever be cloy'd,
But both alike brisk after pleasure's enjoy'd.

Our Misses o'th' Town act contrariwise,
They ne'r take delight but in hopes of a prize;
Their desire is pall'd before they begin,
Because they each day make a Trade of their Sin.

Their blood is corrupted, their bodies are fowl,
They swear loud enough to damn body and soul;
They clap all their Cullies, and their pockets pick,
And send the young fop home for a while to be sick.

With a doze of rare Pills, & some other fine slaps,
They keep 'em selves under the notion of Claps,
Which else would arrive to the bridge of the nose,
But that they prevent by a Turpentine doze.

My Nanny and I are free from disease,
We ne'r are in danger let's do what we please;
We hugg and we kiss, we sport and we play,
And ser pleasures we study to find a new way.

What though her country Tones does seem rude,
And cannot with eloquence others delude,
'Tis no matter for that, she has won my heart so,
I shall love her for ever for a trick that I know.

Beyond all expressing she sweetens our joys,
And doubtless she's full of fine Girls and fine boys
She's kind and she's true, & so constant does prove,
She ne'r will admit any Rival in Love.

The Butterflye Miss may scoff if she will,
And swear that my Country Nanny wants skill:
To sport and to kiss, but i'le vow she's deceiv'd,
She has judgement enough if I may be believ'd.

Such harmless embraces would ravish ones soul,
Though old age and envy stand by to controul;
Her kisses a man almost dead will revive,
No better are had from no woman alive.

All that I have said of my Nanny is true,
And more she deserves if I gave her her due,
But this shall suffice, and my labour i'le save,
Lest you all fall a longing for what you can, & have

FINIS.

Printed for E. Oliver, at the Golden Key on Snow-hill, over-a-gainst St. Sepulchres-Church, neer the Sarazens-head. Where any Chap-men may be furnished with all sorts of Books and Ballads.